

Various Travel Accounts

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EMIGRÉ

(em'ə grā) THE MAGAZINE THAT IGNORES BOUNDARIES



BONNIE BOOTH

Various Travel Accounts



THIS ISSUE

was created by Robert Kopecky,
Judy Anderson, Rudy VanderLans,
Susan King, Tom Bonauro and
Stefano Massei.

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Please return this form to Emigre Graphics,
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of "Picture the Southwest."

Additional copies are \$7.00 each.

William Passarelli

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and design by Rudy VanderLans | BONUS BOOK

"Picture the Southwest" is a 24 page, two color, spiral bound artist book.
It contains a series of photographs taken during a trip around the
American Southwest. With the use of interchangeable captions it playfully
investigates a foreigner's perception of the American Southwest.
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Various Travel Accounts



Back Issues.

Emigre 1 & 2... Unfortunately completely sold out. These issues were printed in a limited edition of 50 copies and distributed in San Francisco and Los Angeles only. If you come across a copy, make sure you buy it. They are your collector's issues!

Emigre 3... Features the art of Gene Roth, Dieter Cismann, Michele Sighe and Great Mopape. Poetry by Lisa Cohen and Tom Clark, as well as a bilingual poem by Lewis Macdenn. Short stories by John Fante and Peter Hahn and an interview with Dutch conceptual writer Kees Haeghe. Pull-out poster also included. 1985, 32 pages, 5-1/2"x 8-1/2", 27"x 34" Price \$1.95 Includes postage and handling.

Emigre 4... State-of-the-art computer typesetting and photocopies are utilized throughout this issue, featuring the art of Marc Vancan founder Kees Cismann plus Mark Kapovich, Markesh and John Karpas, Scott Williams and Dieter Cismann. A report of the 1992 poem "The Descent of Sam Miller" by Robert W. Service, illustrated by William Fane. Other contributors include Alice Kinsley, Peter Hahn, John B'Wend and Vanessa Hahn. With an excerpt from John Fante's 1938 novel "Ask the Dust." Also a collection of poetry from the Emigre reader readings in Los Angeles in 1985, with an introduction by Marc Susan. Full color Emigre pull-out poster included. 1985, 32 pages, 5-1/2"x 8-1/2" Price \$6.95 Includes postage and handling.

Emigre 5... Italiano Italy-Flamenco. This Emigre Award winning 1986 issue presents the art of William Passavanti, with an in-depth interview by Jeffrey Browning. Other contributors are Barbara Bazzucchi, Emanuele Belfio, Giannina Murro, Susan King, Sam Robinson, Dieter Cismann and pull-out poem by Peter Hahn. 1986, 32 pages, 5-1/2"x 8-1/2" Price \$5.95 Includes postage and handling.

Emigre 6... This issue is presented in a complete cardboard box and celebrates "International Culture." It consists of three parts plus a handmade fan by book artist Tazaki Kay. The double award winning issue features articles on the Dutch Design group De Wenden and the collaboration of Scott Williams and Dieter Cismann. Interviews with Tazaki Kay, William King and Gene Roth. Short stories by John Fante and Stanley Banes. Photographs by Stefano Mazzini and Andrea Schickel and portraits by John Murray and William King. Other contributors are Alice Kinsley, Kees Haeghe, Peter Cismann, Jeffrey Browning, Kees Douglas and Kees Haeghe. Special eight page illustrated story by Portuguese artist Rigo is also included. 1986, 56 pages, 5-1/2"x 8-1/2", 1 panel fan, 5-1/2"x 7-1/2" Price \$8.95 Includes postage and handling.

Positively Palmtree... A wisely playful bookwork by graphic designer Rudy Haddad. Image, text and binding are rhythmically joined to make a clear and colorful statement about palm trees found in an urban environment. The book was produced as an artist-in-residence project at the Visual Studies Workshop in Rochester, NY. 1986, 16 pages, full color, 5-1/2"x 8-1/2", in ziplock bag. Price \$4.95 Includes postage and handling.

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V a N D e R L a N S

"Picture the Southwest" (Text and design by Rudy VanderLans) **BONUS BOOK**

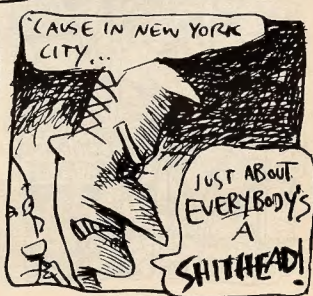
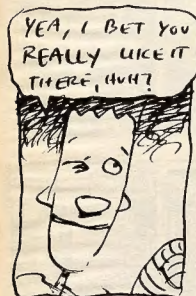
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AROUND THE WORLD WITH SHITHEAD ; WINKY

BY ROBERT KOPECKY

"Around the world with Shithead and Winky" was originally created as a limited edition, selfpublished cartoon book. The following cartoons are excerpted from this book, which was created during a six month trip around the world in 1986. Copyright 1986 by Robert Kopecky. Any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely coincidental.

SHITHEAD & WINKY "NEW YORK"



SHITHEAD & WINKY "ON A COMPUTER TRAIN NEAR PARIS"



SHITHEAD & WINKY "IN PARIS" (FULLY TRANSLATED)



1. Ah yes, yes yes 2. I'll go along wio dat 3. Ain't it da truth

SHITHEAD & WINKY "IN GERMANY"



SHITHEAD & WINKY "SHITHEAD SOLVES THE LANGUAGE BARRIER"





SHITHEAD & WINKY

"IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC"

THESE ISLANDS OF
THE SOUTH PACIFIC
ARE SO BEAUTIFUL!

THE
BEACHES!

THE NATIVE FOOD...

YEAH...

YEAH, WHEN IT
STOPS RAININ'!

WID SPINY
UR CHINS YA
CAN STEP ON!

EVERY COMBINASHUN
A FISH, RICE, AN'
MANGOES DAT'S
POSSIBLE!

-IT'S JUST SO DIFFERENT
FROM SEEN' IT IN PICTURES!

OKAY, OKAY
-BUT WHAT
ABOUT THE
NATIVE
WOMEN?

-SWAT!

YEAH! IN DA PICTURES
YA CAN'T SEE ALL DA
MOSQUITOES! NO NO FLIES!

OH YEAH,
DA WIMMEN!

OKAY WINK!
YOU'RE RIGHT
-IT'S BEAUTIFUL...

...DAT PARADISE
AN' HELL...

...BUT IT JUST
GOES TO PROVE SOMETHIN'
I SUSPECTED FER A
LONG TIME...

ARE ABOUT DIS CLOSE
TO BEIN' DA SAME
PLACE!

sub



Book Two, Chapter Eight

ON THE ROAD

Outside Tucson we saw another hitchhiker in the dark road. This was an Okie from Bakersfield, California, who put down his story "Not damn, I left Bakersfield with the travel bureau car and left my gui-lar in the trunk of another one and they never showed up - gui-lar and cowboy duds, you see. I'm a moo-sician, I was headed for Arizona to play with Johnny Mackaw's Sagebrush Boys. Well, hell, here I am in Arizona, broke, and m'gui-lar's been stoled. You boys drive me back to Bakersfield and I'll got the money from my brother. How much do you want?" We wanted just enough gas to make Frisco from Bakersfield, about three dollars. Now we were five in the car. "Evenin', ma'am," he said, tipping his hat to Marylou. And we were off.

In the middle of the night we overtook the lights of Palm Springs from a mountain road. At dawn in snowy passes, we labored toward the town of Mojave, which was the entryway to the great Tehachapi Pass. The Okie woke up and told funny stories, sweet little Alfred sat smiling. Okie told us he knew a man who forgave his wife for shooting him and got her out of prison, only to be shot a second time. We were passing the women's prison when he told it. Up ahead we saw Tehachapi Pass starting up. Dean took the wheel and carried us clear to the top of the world. We passed a great shroudy cement factory in the canyon. Then we started down. Dean cut off the gas, threw in the clutch, and negotiated every hairpin turn and passed cars and did everything in the books without the benefit of accelerator. I held on tight. Sometimes the road went up again briefly, he merely passed cars without a sound, on pure momentum. He knew every rhythm and every kick of a first class pass. When it was time to U turn left around a low stone wall that overlooked the bottom of the world, he just leaned far over to his left, hands on the wheel, stiff armed, and carried it that way; and when the turn ended to the right again, this time with a cliff on our left, he leaned far to the right, making Marylou and me lean with him. In this way we floated and flapped down to the San Joaquin Valley. It lay spread a mile below, virtually the floor of California, green and wondrous from our aerial shelf.

We made thirty miles without using gas.

Suddenly we were all excited. Dean wanted to tell me everything he knew about Bakersfield as we reached the city limits. He showed me rooming houses where he stayed, railroad hotels, poolhalls, diners, sidings where he jumped off the engine for grapes, Chinese restaurants where he ate, park benches where he met girls, and certain places where he'd done nothing but sit and wait around. Dean's California wild, sweaty, important, the land of lonely and exiled and eccentric lovers come to foregather like birds, and the land where everybody somehow looked like broken down handsome, decadent movie actors. "Man, I spent hours on that very chair in front of that drugstore!" He remembered all - every pinochle game, every woman, every sad night. And suddenly we were passing the place in the railyards where Terry and I had sat under the moon drinking wine, on those bum crates, in October 1947, and I tried to tell him. But he was too excited. "This is where Dunkel and I spent a whole morning drinking beer trying to make a real gone little waitress from Watsonville - no, Tracy, yes, Tracy - and her name was Esmerelda - oh, man, something like that." Marylou was planning what to do the moment she arrived in Frisco. Alfred said his aunt would give him plenty of money up in Tulare. The Okie directed us to his brother in the flats outside town. We pulled up at noon in front of a little rose-covered shack, and the Okie went in and talked with some women. We waited fifteen minutes. "I'm beginning to think that guy has no more money than I have," said Dean. "We got more hung up! There's probably nobody in the family that'll give him a cent after that fool escapade."

A B C D E F G H
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TOKYO
PRESS CHECK

東京
プレスチェック





A woman
whose name
I am not told
hunches over the desk
beside me
fining small
sharp syllables
into a telephone.
'Hai' 'Hai' 'I hear
without understanding
all day long.



P R E T E N D

Never mind
the furtive glances
I know what you see
Small woman
American
Making demands
you do not understand

If "hai" means yes
it's a poor disguise.
Because there's "hai hai"
on your lips
But there's "no no"
in your eyes

Pretending to agree
you arrange the features
of your face
carefully
Like small flowers
in a round bowl.

In my country
we make a fetish
of clarity
In yours
you have developed
an eye
for the richer palette
of obscurity

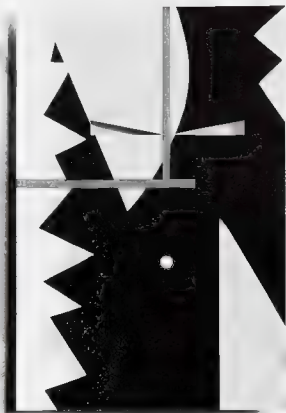
東京
プレス
ミラ
グ

can peer in.

And so we make our faces into masks.

And having memorized the ones of our own land, we are shocked when we

His face
blows up
with anger
like a party balloon.
My own
floats numb
somewhere
overhead
And then it comes.
"Ridikkilus"
he snaps.
Take the stab
of a pin.



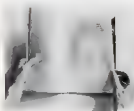
R I D I K K I L U S !

Duty pressroom
Damp and cold
Huddled pressmen
worried
waiting
And from him
an arsenal of
words
hurled at little me
in vain.
I know my place.
I hold my ground
without complaining
as I begin to see
who is really
losing face
and who is gaining

All I said
was a quiet "no."
How could I guess
it would be felt
as a heavy blow?

I have
no intermediary.
Next time
I will send
a messenger
with a hude of leather
and a tongue of gold

Months later
I see how well
it could work.
How simple tact
becomes art



In the park
cherry trees
in full bloom
circle the palace moat.
I fill my pockets
with petals
that fall and drift
like snow.
Under the trees
a man in a
dark suit and
drunken said
till he sprawls
unconscious
on the new grass.
Pale petals
in his black hair.



If I were a man
I guess
we would hit the bars
get wired
Let the said
do the talking
till the bars close.
Wind up at dawn
rumped, tired.
Ready to do
great business

Everywhere
I look
I see a sea
of blue suits.
An army of
businessmen
moves
through the city
Where
are all the women?

S A K I M A N



In Japan
they sleep
when they can.
Inching along
in a big black car
they sleep
where they are.
Hands folded
head bowed.
While
the white-collared dōtō
picks his way
pointedly
through the
rush-hour crowd



Mr. Taka moves
softly through
the sleeping house.
At 5:00 a.m.
the stars
loom large.
By 7:00
the subway
spits him out
downtown.
And Takamasa
scribbles on hand
heads for the office
automatically

Close to midnight
he returns.
The neighborhood
is quiet
and his children
asleep again.
A late supper.
A patient wife.
A day
like any other

W O R K



Shuffling along
at a breakneck pace
in a pair of
flimsy slippers
I come
dangerously close
to losing
my balance
along with
my dignity.
Still
I am determined
to hold
my ground



O H I

In the middle
of the morning
everything stops.
The men squat
And the women
of the plant
move among them
serving noodles
and tea.

A woman explains
that her husband's
firm never hires
women economists.
'He says they are
no good,' she says
everly

And yet this
gruff husband
gives his wife
no small task.
Putting his whole
paycheck in her hand.
No questions asked.

Office flowers
work regular hours
make tea
smile prettily
waiting for the chance
to marry and raise
a family.
Almost
singlehandedly.



Letting go
at last.
Sinking
into the familiar
discomfort
of an airline seat.
Sweet oblivion.
Long flight home.
I feel my face
soften.
The mask I've worn
a fine screen
of tight tired lines.
Melts away.



Not only
in Japan
do people
make masks.
I take myself
to task
reaching
a tentative hand
to my own face
trying to guess
the significance
of the still life
I have made
with two eyes
one nose
a mouth.

Think
of a world
without masks.
Would it be
widely blue?
Inimitably free?

Possibly.

HAPPY FACE

日本の
仮面

Judy Anderson is an Associate Professor of Design at the School of Art, University of Denver and partner of StudioStudio, a graphic and architecture design firm. Tokyo Press Check: Making Face was a collaboration with Denver advertising writer Garry Hoyle. The book was produced at X Press in Denver, located in Anderson's greenhouse studio.

(em'ə grā)

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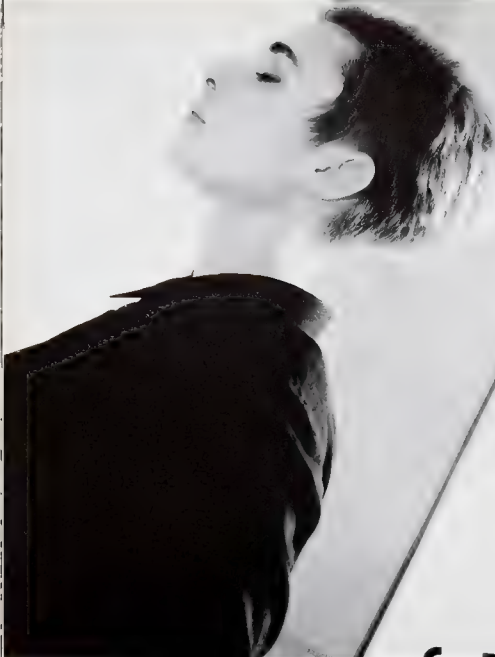
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PASTEL

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America
is my
country
but
Paris
is my
hometown

-Gertrude Stein

family photos foretell future

Susan E. King





191 ARLES — Arlesienne au Cloître de Saint-Trophime. — ND Phil.



Paris 1969

We didn't have much money by the time we got to Paris. I remember standing on one of the quais and being struck by the quality of light and understanding why impressionism started in Paris. We had a cheap but charming hotel very near the Seine, and I remember feeling very lucky to be there. Of course we did the usual things, saw huge quantities of art. I don't remember much else except the delicious food bought from shops and eaten in a par .



May 1985, Paris

I finally start to piece together some of the allure of Paris this year. Living on the Left Bank gives me a different perspective about the intellectual life of this place. Everywhere we turn there are bookstores. Every day we eat more extraordinary food. Every walk a feast for the eyes, for the spirit. This year I see the possibility of all these things coming together. the intellectual joined with the sensual and spiritual. In objects of daily life, in conversation over coffee at a cafe. It is substance with meaning and feeling, able to coexist gracefully and beautifully in this one body called Paris. And pointing a way to lead our own lives.

27 May 1986, Paris

Turned left from Edith's and went a way we had not gone before toward Cornavelet, Rue des Francs-Bourgeois. The streets narrow and you have this feeling that things have not changed behind these winding walls for centuries. They pull you in, these walls, these rooftops, until you suddenly discover that you are leaning in the same direction, so much have they changed your very being.

I keep thinking of Dorothy in the "Wizard of Oz", when she says "There's no place like home! There's no place like home." You could, like my friend Tony, never travel at all, and be content with a lap full of maps. Or you could pick any country you like. The destination is not important. Making the journey is.



NOWHERE NOWHERE



My aunt's house
(the one we
visited in the
city) was sold
a few years ago.
I'm glad I wasn't
there to see
it dismantled.
It was sold to
strangers, a
nice young couple
my aunt said
But how to say
my brother and
I knew every
corner of the
kitchen pantry,
the smell of
the basement,
the tilt of the
front yard? How
could this be
gone from our
lives?

Nowhere
Nowhere

I remember no trips before the age of two when I
went to Chicago on the train with my mother. That
trip I've known only through the retelling of it.
And the part that interests me is why we went there
at all, and without my Dad, such an atypical act on
my mother's part. The part that interests her is
that I stood and pounded the window saying "da da,
da da" all the way. Later trips seem to be divided
into three categories: the city, the country, and
other.

The city was a medium sized city 80 miles away,
across a river, in another state. It had an
expressway along the river, where you could ride in
a taxi and see the lights of the city at night. We
only did that once. It had an art museum, Islamic
pottery on the right, Egyptian mummy on the left,
paintings and drawings upstairs. The movies had
special effects, like Cinerama. Even the food was
different. Not like home. We might even have
pastreani sandwiches. My aunt served us potato ch.ps
with ridges and cokes with ice in glasses with
fancy coasters. I thought she was very smart to
...we there

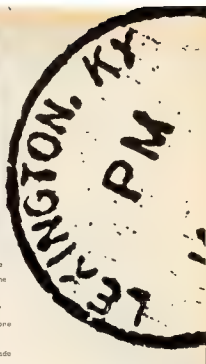
The country was half the distance from our home as
the city, but it took just as long to get there
because we had to drive on twisty roads which
usually made me car sick. Later I would say it was
like a time-warp there, everything was so slow. The
amount of water you could use in your bath had a
direct relationship to how much it had rained. I
thought they were behind the times. I loved being
there. There was always something different to do
and an order to things that I never could quite
understand.

The other category were places like the Lake, where
my father had conventions. We only went there
twice. We had our own cabin for the weekend.
Fortunately it was near the restaurant, the main
attraction. The restaurant had wood paneeling, and
smelled of wood and cigarette smoke. There was a
bowling game we got to play at least once during
the weekend. It was across from the counter where
we had blueberry pancakes every Sunday we were
there, before the long drive home.

I sat in the
bluebird reading
group and waited
for my turn to
read aloud. I read
ahead until I came
to the word
nowhere.

I couldn't make it
fit in the story.
The teacher,
seeing my distress
and mistaking it
for a first
grader's need for
attention,
promptly called on
me. I had no
choice but to
blurt out
NOW HERE,
NOW HERE.

London



Whenever I am in England, I find myself at the feminist bookstore on Charing Cross Road, where I spend an afternoon with the many accounts of women travelers. It makes me wonder why I spent my girlhood reading books like Sue Barton, Student Nurse, when I could have been reading the interesting book I found this year. Of course it was not published, probably not written the year I turned thirteen, but where were those many accounts of Victorian women travelers?

The year I turned thirteen, so did everyone else in that first wave of baby boom. So many that the school couldn't hold us, so they commandeered a fleet of buses to take us to an abandoned girls' school, on the edge of old downtown. There, for one makeshift year, they attempted to continue our education. All this busing of seventh graders made our twelfth year exotic, because there was always an extra journey every day to a part of town and a school that had never felt the need to look low or modern or like a bomb shelter. The effect was one of disruption of daily routine, as if we had somehow escaped the system, or pulled one over on the principal (as far as the power structure went, as far as we could see). The buildings themselves, the regal architecture of the 19th century, had enough ornamentation and romantic detail to make us feel special. The high ceilings gave us headroom. It was a peaceful year, despite the fact I never could finish The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, required reading. A diligent student I even tried to read a copy of Pat Boone's Twist Twelve and Twenty, an advice hidden book for budding teens a relative must have given me. It made me wonder if there was still time to change my life to Pat Boone's idea of ideal. This phase lasted two days on the bus. Which is where I did my most important thinking. There was something special about being pulled out of time that extra hour each day. Even though we bumped along with grinding gears and great sighs of exhaust, it gave me time to reflect. We drove the length of Broadway, from out in the suburbs where it had previously been country, and called by another name, down through the beginnings of urban sprawl, the first fast food restaurants, to a part of town that had stately homes, most of which had stories we would never know, and that had "seen better days". We passed the tobacco warehouses and auction sites, passed the theater that had once been a True Opera House, and up past the first collage west of the Alleghenys. And somewhere in the middle of all those trips was the realization that with all of this noticing of the quality of light on North Broadway in late autumn, of all of us here, now, in this bus, that I could be a writer.

My brother and I five years before we would have our driver's licenses, stuck on this cardboard train.

By air mail
par avion





Does one capitalize moon as in Going to the Moon?

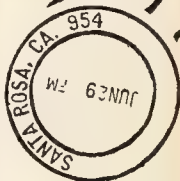
I tell my students I am planning to spend my junior year abroad any time now. I say I am making up for lost time, only because I forget that summer between my two junior years at college, when I went to Europe with my best friend. I had never been on a plane before we flew to New York. People didn't fly that much, then. My friends teased us about staying with Stephen in the East Village. They sang several choruses of "In the Ghetto", trying hard to imitate Elvis. I was not amused. I'll never forget flying into Italy over those olive trees. It was the summer the men walked on the moon. The news caught up to us somewhere in Italy or Austria. I felt like we were going to the moon. I told my parents that if the plane crashed to leave my body in Europe. It was some sort of statement about where my loyalties lay after a major decision that I felt would change my life. Even so, I didn't expect to be so moved by the sculpture in Italy. Didn't expect how moved I would be by seeing paintings that were bigger than slide size. Sipping coffee in the Piazza Navona surrounded by monumental sculpture because the perfect moment Greece seemed like nirvana** to me. To actually live somewhere that had the white light and the intense color of Bougainvillea we found in Greece seemed impossible until I found California. So there we were. Observing all of this with our hair tied back in bows and probably pretty scarves around our necks. A hair's breath away from looking like very young matrons, except that we were in Europe. And the end of the 60's was about to change all of that. At least for me. Three years later I would be sleeping on the deck of a ship off the coast of Mexico on Christmas Eve, roughing it in hammocks and second hand jeans on little money to watch the blessing of the virgins in a small jungle town the week after Christmas. Twenty four hours on a bus with fringe for \$24. Quite a different story

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Before I set foot in Italy, my Italian lover told me his sister had been named Lucy after Santa Lucia who carried her eyeballs on a plate. This should have prepared me for the thousands of reliquaries with bones of saints and martyrs enshrined in gold and glass we saw on our trip, but it didn't.

Mary said that if it had been her, going to this unknown school, knowing no one there, she'd be throwing up for a week. I knew what she meant,



but was more struck by how I'd changed my life, in one day, by making the decision to go at all. I knew I would go, as soon as the call came through, though I pleaded for a day to decide. And fourteen years later, I feel the same thing happening again. A major opportunity, lurking on the horizon.

Language all around as foreign. Something not right about the bus station, so stepping into the scene had the feeling of an instability, of dream gone wrong, where you control nothing. A week out of New York. And the trip from El Paso to Las Cruces on the bus was the most culture shock I've ever experienced. Not expected, here in my own country. I had spent a year adjusting my eyes to subway maps, printer museum schedules, as many as three movies in one day, holding on to my purse, knowing who was on the street, eyes in the back of my head. My mouth to yogurt, to Chinese food, to English muffins, to English without a southern accent, to creole sodas, to pale men. My sense to knowing the boundaries, which place was safer, how much you got for the price of admission, how far the ticket took you, what was appropriate behavior, appropriate dress, sidestepping the filth of the city without really looking, where I could eat alone, what I could afford. Flat here. A floor of dust that stretched to mountains. All year I would learn to love Tecate with lime, the market across the border, staying up all night with the salt kilns, black pots, chile relleno burritos. And I would learn to leave my door unlocked and not worry, orient every event in its relationship to the mountains, what restaurant probably served dog tacos, how to spot old southwest painters at forty paces. I would feel the need of small objects (a shrine of glass, guardian angel and glitter, or things picked up from the desert) by my bedside, and would awake to make sculpture about the energy under the surface of this remarkable landscape. All year, feeling the power below ground. Not man-made. Not above ground. Legend has it that this is one place in the country where the mountains are still alive.



Isn't it a really good journey, that at every stage of the journey, you can't imagine anything beyond it.
-- Ram Dass



The book I'm reading mentions early practices, (around 600 B.C.), when people slept in dream temples to heal themselves. There were consultations with healing guides. Herbs and cleansing rituals were used to prepare an individual for the temple. There was a basic understanding and belief in healing energy, and the power of the unconscious to manifest in external reality.



Searching for Nirvana in a parking lot in Tarzana. Next to a Honda Huffer is one of those anonymous parking lots of the valley, one where they never thought of planting anything, anywhere, to give even the illusion of relief, a row of cars angles off in one direction. If you enter the lot from the direction of the freeway you can glide your car into a space by turning the steering wheel only slightly more to the right. The facing building is small, stucco, and five paces away from the driver's seat, with the emphasis of the plan on convenience. I always seem to be sitting here this year, in this parking lot, waiting for an early morning appointment. The first time I came here, [directions clear in my head, I hadn't even written them down, although this was foreign territory] I got trapped bumper to bumper somewhere over the pass, just when it seems like you've left the urban sprawl for a few moments. Four cars off to the side, nothing major but huge delays so I arrived anxious, heart pounding, late. And with a decidedly unclear idea of how much time it takes to get here. Since one purpose is relaxation, (this did, after all, start out as acupressure therapy for an old shoulder pain) I've taken to arriving early. Sometimes with tea in a Japanese thermos, I turn the front seat into a little study/tea room, as intimate as any small library, and read a book, or write down notes for some piece of writing, some art project. Or just sit. Time here has the quality of something precious, of intensity. Time doesn't exist here in any way that we know it. If you were here, and asked me what I was doing, I would be hard pressed to answer more specifically than this new year seems a time of intuition, of watching small birds light on the tree outside my window, of inward journey, of dreams. Like all major journeys, I cannot tell you the full meaning of this activity until it is finished, when some time later, the metaphors and meanings emerge. Or in some way reveal themselves. Don't wake the dreamer.

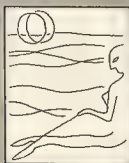
*moon: (noun)
a celestial body that revolves around the earth

moon: (verb)
to engage in idle reverie. Dream.

**nirvana: (noun)
often capitalized
1. the final freeing of a soul from all that enslaves it
esp: the supreme happiness that according to Buddhism comes when all passion, hatred and delusion die out and the soul is released from the necessity of further purification.
2. Oblivion.
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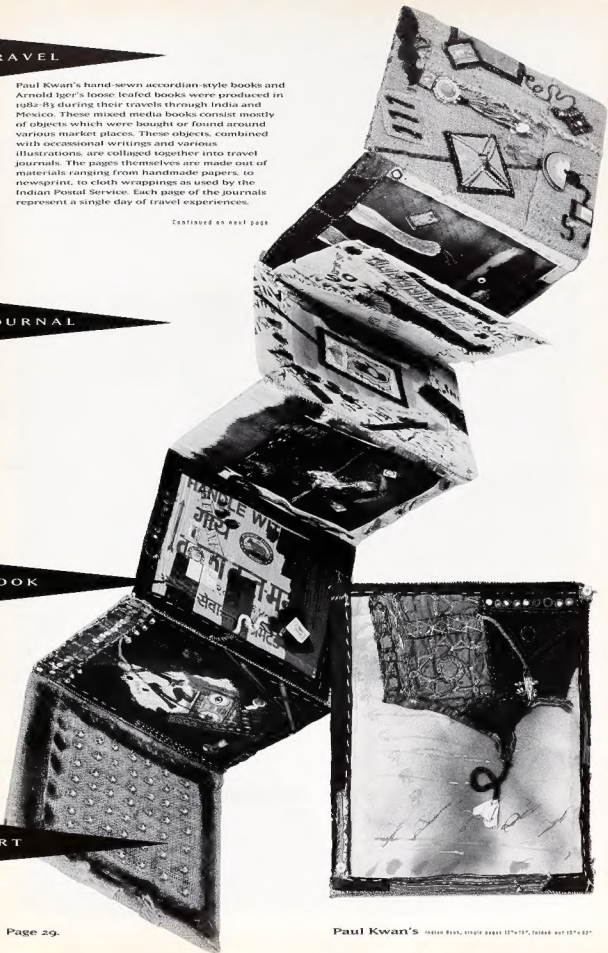
Paul Kwan's hand-sewn accordion-style books and Arnold Iger's loose leafed books were produced in 1982-83 during their travels through India and Mexico. These mixed media books consist mostly of objects which were bought or found around various market places. These objects, combined with occasional writings and various illustrations, are collaged together into travel journals. The pages themselves are made out of materials ranging from handmade papers, to newsprint, to cloth wrappings as used by the Indian Postal Service. Each page of the journals represent a single day of travel experiences.

Continued on next page

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thoughts and reflections. Inventive handbinding techniques further individualize these journals into one-of-a-kind artists books. Besides having traveled extensively together, Paul Kwan and Arnold Iger are co-founders of "Persona Grata," a performance theater group. They perform regularly in San Francisco, as well as in Los Angeles, Boston and New York. Recently, the Intersection for the Arts in San Francisco has awarded them with an Artist in Residency for the fall of 1987. As an integral part of this performance an installation is planned which uses elements derived from the book-as-art form.

Arnold Iger's Mexican Book, single pages 5-1/2"x8"



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